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Santa Clara University student body

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Vol. VIII.

DECEMBER 1873.

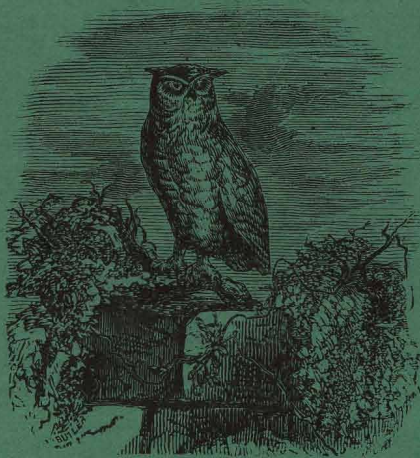
No. 4.

THE OWL

A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT;

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.



SANTA CLARA, CAL:
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1873

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THE OWL

Vol. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1873.

No. 4.

PRIESTS NO ALARMISTS.

(An Address delivered before the Graduates of Santa Clara College, June 3, 1873.)

By J. CAMPBELL SHORB, M.D., of San Francisco.

[* * It is with much pleasure that we at length give place to the subjoined Address. We had wished and intended to publish it in our September number; but pressure of professional work, and other causes, put it out of the author's power to send us the MS. at an earlier date.—ED.]

FROM scenes of suffering in a neighboring metropolis, from the heavy cares and responsibilities of a busy professional life, from the bedside of sickness and the house of death, a surgeon has been summoned on this interesting occasion to Santa Clara, to assist your most worthy President and beloved Professors in a very delicate, painful and dangerous operation.

We have assembled here to-night, in this Hall dedicated to religion, morality and intellectual progress, to cut the ties, to sever the connexions, in so many respects almost vital, which for some years have bound you to the bosom of your Alma Mater. This separation, my young friends, (for by that title I trust you will allow me to greet you), this dissolution of scholastic relations is an incident of no frivolous pretensions. It is an operation which the accidents of growth and developement, intellectual and physical, render imperative; one at all times painful and dangerous; one frequently attended with consequences fatal to both soul and body.

Fully alive to the dangers you must necessarily encounter, conscious of the transcendent, inestimable value of the possessions whose safety in this hour becomes seriously involved, shuddering at the contemplation of the irreparable nature of their loss, if such be the dreadful preference of your will—for that

alone can determine their salvation or destruction—we approach, young gentlemen, the accomplishment of our final duty to you with feelings akin to awe!

From the moment of your matriculation at this institution of learning, so far in your journey of life, you have been sailing in a safe and quiet harbor, in smooth and pleasant waters, directed by able, experienced and devoted pilots. Perpetual sunlight has illuminated your course, auspicious gales have sat constantly in the shoulders of your sails; shipwreck, disaster of any kind have, until now, been accidents almost impossible. But all this happy condition belongs to the past; and there in this hour you must leave it. To-night the curtain falls upon all such pleasant scenes for ever!

Tomorrow's sun, as it climbs the everlasting snows of the Sierras, will open to your contemplation and experience, surroundings of an utterly different nature. It will behold you on a vast and trackless ocean, alone, your devoted pilots all discharged; an ocean where tempests are frequent, where adverse winds will baffle you, where darkness will shut out the friendly light of the sun, the milder radiance of the moon and stars; where dangers of every degree will fill your young souls with terror and despair.

This is the ocean which stretches between the cradle and the grave, between time and eternity, over whose capricious and dangerous surface every man born of woman must necessarily pass.

It is of indescribable importance, then, that you earnestly consider, in this hour, what aid must be invoked, what vigilance will be required, what self-denial is to be practised, what industry constantly employed, that this inevitable journey may be properly commenced and successfully accomplished.

It were an act of exquisite injustice to the learned, devoted and pious guardians of your scholastic life, for a moment to doubt that they have failed in any of their important duties to you. I feel as well assured, as I feel of the ultimate performance of the justice of Almighty God that all the temptations that can possibly assail, all the dangers that can gather over your new life, have been earnestly, elaborately and eloquently described; and that if you do fall victims to casualties of whose existence and location you have many a time and oft been duly apprised, the responsibility rests not here. Your safety no longer involves the question of knowledge; that you possess in abundance, or at least to an extent commensurate with all your necessities. It involves, simply, the proper use of the knowledge gained or perfected within these college walls.

Thus the responsibility of your future becomes isolated, individualized, centered in yourselves, commencing and ending there; and no device of sophistry, no accident of time can shift or change it. I very much fear, young gentlemen, that my remarks to-night, illustrate the futility better expressed in the adage of "carrying coals to Newcastle." I am conscious that nothing new or original will be said, nothing that has not already been said a thousand times before to you with a clearness and precision to which indeed I can make

no pretension. Yet there is a reason for believing that this repetition from me will not prove wholly useless or uninstructional.

The majority of the young men graduating at the different Catholic colleges throughout our country—and please remember I am speaking now on the authority of personal experience and observation—graduate with very peculiar views in reference to the amount of knowledge of the world possessed by the priests, their teachers and professors. They believe that priests are naturally a timid class of men, that they surround a life in the world with terrors, honestly believed in by them, but terrors in their origin, or at least in their scope and expansion, utterly artificial; that having withdrawn from a world which they hate, whose pleasures they do not understand, and whose dangers they strangely exaggerate, their opinions in such matters, should not receive that consideration to which, in other respects, the great and varied learning of the priesthood entitles them.

They believe that priests, well versed in the salutary effects of attrition (which by the way is the meanest method of getting to heaven known to Christianity; and most Catholic Divines are of the same opinion) that priests, I repeat, in the absence of anything better, consoling themselves with and relying on attrition, judge it a wise scheme to scare a person to death, if in the mental perturbation associated with such a delightful process, like a brand snatched from the burning, they can save an immortal soul! Well; attrition, weighed in the balance, contrasted with indifference or worse, becomes invested with a majesty, attains a certain importance, which contrast alone can give it. Of course I wish, myself, to be saved; for failure here entails certain personal discomforts which, (as a Dean of the Church of England once observed,) it were not proper to mention in so polite an assembly. I certainly wish to get to heaven; and, rather than not get there at all, would accept attrition as a method; but, once admitted within the splendid portals of the everlasting world, secure in my scarcely deserved position, I should ask to be assigned to the very lowest seat in God's celestial amphitheatre!

Attrition urges cowards in the battle of life. It is their fear of the deserter's doom which drives them to the field and makes them face the foe; and this is a sentiment which the souls of heroes and of men have never felt, will never feel, even to the consummation of the destination of this planet on which we live!

I cannot, will not, do you the injustice to believe that your Professors, teachers or friends rely upon the development of this sentiment in you, in any of you, as the sheet-anchor of your future safety.

They hope—aye, they believe—that you will drink deep draughts of inspiration at a purer, at a holier spring—a fountain whose miraculous waters refreshed the soul of Godfrey de Bouillon, and gave strength to that mighty arm which in Jerusalem, in 1099, struck down the Crescent from the Sepulchre of Christ, and put the glorious emblem of man's redemption in its place; whose miraculous waters inspired the parching lips of a Xavier in India, with

eloquence so resistless that idolatry tottered and fell to ruin before it; whose miraculous waters vitalized the resolution and crystallized the strength of those pious Jesuit missionaries, who carried the faith into the wildernesses of the New World, and who, amid scenes of savage life, beset by dangers, harassed by privations, in mountain fastnesses and on desolate shores, built their humble churches, taught the religion of Christ, and preached the Gospel of Peace!

Love, all-pervading, all-absorbing love, not fear bent on escape, restless, selfish, personal fear, was the inspiration whose omnipotent agencies carried those illustrious men to victories and triumphs before which pale the Seven Wonders of Classic Story, in the majesty of which the finite seems absolutely lost and the Infinite begun.

Priests are no alarmists! To the opinion that they are, I was once inclined myself; but that was long ago, when I was a boy and had no sense; but every hour of a more matured life, every fresh increment of experience gained by contact with the world, more thoroughly expose the folly and error of this notion of my youth!

Priests, I solemnly repeat, are no alarmists! They paint the realities of life, its dangers and temptations, with a fidelity to fact to any comprehension utterly marvellous except by reference to the sources from which they derive their information; with a fidelity to fact, I repeat, and an affectionate regard for your interest, which at some time in your future life you will yourselves most surely realize, with sentiments either of soul-absorbing pleasure or of unmitigated pain.

It were profitable, my young friends, briefly to consider the means by which these learned men reach a station of knowledge of the world, inaccessible to ordinary intelligence, from whose serene and unclouded elevation, higher up, nearer to God, where mists come not and fogs are never seen, they gaze with unobstructed vision upon this life of ours, master its mysterious problems, trace its varying light and shade, explore the elements of its weakness, the sources of its strength and power, measure the numberless plots and manœuvres of its adversaries, and determine, almost with the precision of inspired prophecy, how its struggles will eventuate—in victory, or in disaster, defeat and death!

Of the means of information enjoyed by these learned and pious men, some are natural, others—the greater, of course—supernatural.

Have you, young gentlemen, ever stopped seriously to study or consider what a marvelous school of experience is found in the Confessional? Here, hour after hour, day after day and year after year, come thronging the sinners of the world, men and women, young and old, white and black, the poor and lonely, the rich and proud, the ignorant and the learned; here they gather, in numberless thousands, to tell the story of their lives, their follies, sins and crimes! What a world of knowledge of the soul of man, what a universe of experience regarding its dangers are here! What an illumination of the dark recesses of the human heart, what a fearful exhibition of its

manifold infirmities! What a revelation of the causes which undermine the foundation, which sap the life of the grace of God! What a marvellous and comprehensive exposition of the agencies by which the human soul is first betrayed into a disregard of trivial transgressions, and then gradually sinking, reaches at last an abyss of degradation when remorse expires and crimes are committed which baffle mortal utterance; deeds of nameless horror; deeds which sometimes makes us shudder, lest the doctrine which teaches that man is made in the image of God, should prove, after all, to be a fable, a delusion, a snare!

This is the school in which your priests are instructed; here is the fountain of experience at which they constantly drink!

No need to be alarmed! No necessity to conjure up phantoms to strike terror to the soul! The realities they represent are ghastly enough, God knows, and the mind or soul which fails to be impressed by them, it seems to me, could gaze with brutish insensibility upon the cross, which from the open heaven struck the startled vision of Constantine the Great!

Again: men preparing for the priesthood are subjected to a course of study deeply abstruse in its nature, long in duration, comprehensive in its scope, and rigorous in all its exactions. All branches of learning must be carefully explored; the sciences of theology and philosophy, so far as the possibilities of the human intellect will allow, must be completely mastered. They gather instruction from works whose authors understood the world, as few have understood it since time began; whose learning, imagination, piety and eloquence were the admiration of the Pagan World, and are, and will for ever be the glory of the Christian Church.

That Numidian boy, born with a mind far beyond that of ordinary humanity, whose rare powers at an early age absolutely astonished his contemporaries, the fame of whose wisdom and eloquence was known from Rome to Carthage, the memory of whose career of immortality, frightful at the time comes down through the centuries with appalling distinctness, whose knowledge of the world, its pleasures and its dangers, was perfect, if ever man's was; that Numidian boy teaches your priests to-day as closely, as fully as when his mind first conceived and finished that marvellous production, "The City of God," (*De Civitate Dei*), which subverted the foundations of paganism, and told a benighted world that when Rome by Alaric fell, the new religion did not precipitate its doom!

I have mentioned sources of information accessible, attainable within the natural order of things, sufficient, surely, to demonstrate my proposition; but when we enter the domain which comprehends supernatural assistance, the truth becomes so apparent that incarnate skepticism would blush to controvert it.

Consider a moment. Your priests, every day of the year, perpetuate the tragedy which, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, was consummated on the bloody steeps of Calvary, when conscious nature shuddered at the murder of

her God, when earthquakes convulsed the stony-ribbed earth, when the veil of the temple was rent, when "the graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead squeaked and gibbered in the Roman streets." In this unbloody sacrifice, Divinity and humanity draw near together: they stand face to face. Your priests hold, as it were, familiar intercourse with God; and from such intimate association must come, inevitably, wisdom, inspiration, love.

I can pursue this most attractive but inexhaustible subject no further.

The Exercises have been very long; the night is far advanced; many of you, awake from an early hour, are longing for the repose and refreshment of sleep; and I must say, God speed you, and farewell!

I came here to-night as a man of the world, as a Catholic gentleman, to demonstrate to you, as far as the circumscribed limit of half an hour would permit, that your priests are thoroughly acquainted with the world; that they are in no wise alarmists. I came here to beg you, solemnly beg you to cherish the counsel your priests have given you, and determine never to swerve for an instant from the path they have marked out for you, as the only one which can possibly lead to the realization of your rational hopes and aspirations. To-morrow you enter the world! Health, moral and physical health, happiness and prosperity comprehend all the blessings you can ask, or Heaven wisely grant; and your priests tell you how these may be obtained. A knowledge of the will of God, a practical, ready, affectionate submission to it—in other words religion—is the only source from which these blessings flow.

Of course religion does not give you a robust, healthy body; but, granting it is good and strong by nature, it tells you how to keep it so. Religion inculcates the necessity of temperance in food and drink, cleanliness of person and apparel, moderation in labor intellectual and physical, subjection of the passions, judicious recreation, avoidance of fatigue and exhaustion. Such lessons concern your health; and all of them are excellent—perfect—regarded purely from a temporal point of view.

That a life of virtue, a life inspired, directed, guarded by religion, is the only one conducive to happiness, is a truth which impressed itself even upon the ancient schools of philosophy. The Stoics, the Epicureans, taught with unequivocal vehemence that a life of virtue is inseparable from a life of happiness; and Epicurus himself, in a letter which has survived the ravages of time, thus speaks to Moneceus, "Let this truth, that a life of happiness is inseparable from a life of virtue, be the subject of thy meditation, both when alone and with the friend of thy bosom, and never, whether asleep or awake, shall thou be oppressed with anxiety, but live as a God among mankind."

And Junius, whose knowledge of the human heart was extraordinary, makes use of this remarkable expression in a private letter to his publisher; "After long experience with the world, I solemnly affirm before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy."

The best and wisest men, from the dawn of history to the present hour, the highest intellects of ancient, mediæval and modern times, with a unanimity

which characterises none other of their conclusions, with a harmony of opinion which absolutely precludes all possibility of error, make human happiness the inseparable associate of religion.

Your religion teaches you the value of time, the irrevocable nature of its lapse: it impresses upon you the necessity of economy, punctuality, prudence, vigilance and exact justice: and here the problem of prosperity is solved—solved as the psalmist solved it centuries ago—"I was young, and now I am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken; nor his seed begging bread."

Would you have then, young gentlemen, health happiness and prosperity? Cherish your religion; hold to its practice; and they are yours beyond all earthly doubt!

God speed you, and farewell!

THE GOLDEN WEDDING;

A TRUE STORY.

L. C. WINSTON, } (1st Rhetoric)
DAVID FURLONG, }

WE were all assembled around the great fireplace in my grandfather's large and commodious mansion on the banks of the Teche, in the parish of St. Landry. La., for the purpose of celebrating the wedding of my grandsire and his loving wife, which had been solemnized in Virginia, (as I was informed by the elder members of our numerous family) just fifty years before.

The snow, which in that climate scarcely ever exceeded the depth of three or four inches, was beginning to tip the cypresses with white, when a large family party, including even cousins removed to the fourth degree or further, entered upon the celebration of the happy day.

We first gathered round the throne of honor erected for those of the Golden Tie, and there fell on our knees before Almighty God; our aged grand-parents humbly kneeling with us, and paying their vows of gratitude to Him Who through half a century of wedded life, had so blessed and favored them.

After this short prayer of our grand-parents, our eldest uncle, as the most suitable representative of the family, offered up the sincere thanks of all the assembled family, and in their names prayed that our dear grand-parents might spend the remainder of their years as happily as they had spent the preceeding fifty.

Behind the front parlor, there was a large hall so furnished as to satisfy all the requirements of a southern planter's cultivated taste; and to this hall, or as my grand-father termed it, from its former use, the "nursery," we now repaired, in order to listen to the sweet strains of the "Band of Bayou Sara," which forthwith entertained the happy couple with a very select musical welcome, in honor of the auspicious event of the day.

The hall was filled with youth, and—though I say it that should not—with beauty. And all who were present were descendants of those two honored persons who had obeyed God's command "increase and multiply."

From many a happy home throughout the wide district between the Potomac and the Rio Grande had delegates come to pay the honors of the day to our *pater* and *mater familias*.

There were among the ladies both blondes and brunettes; there were some of tall and some of short stature. In fact, there were beauties of every color, height and form; from among whose number any king, who wished supreme happiness, might have been proud to select a wife.

The young men, too, were fine specimens of what was then known as "the chivalry of the South," and like true Southerners, they both honored their parents and feared Almighty God, thus reflecting additional credit upon the name they were proud to bear.

Who could have been more supremely happy, in this world, than those old people—the man and woman—whose wedding jubilee was thus celebrated? They looked on their numerous offspring, and as they gazed it seemed as though a voice from heaven announced that the work was good.

Could that aged man have deserved more honor and respect, had he been the President of the United States, or some great personage, who had gained renown for himself individually? Surely not! He who raises up a family in the fear of the Lord, has done his duty better and deserves more real reverence than the military conqueror to whom all men bow down.

At this stage of the proceedings an adjournment was made to the throne-room; and our venerable grandparents having been escorted to the "throne," and having resumed their seats thereon, a ceremony took place to which all had been looking forward with intense interest.

Our Uncle David, who was considered the poet of the family, and whose refined taste and rich mellow voice made him a perfect master of elocution, advanced, amidst the murmured applause of the ladies—who dearly love a poet—towards the space in front of the throne, and, bowing gracefully, delivered the following lines; which he had written for the occasion:—

THE fair morn blushes o'er the eastern skies;
Smiles the glad earth, discarding night's disguise,
All nature, rev'rent, joins in His sweet praise,
Whose mercy sends the morning's golden rays.

Diverse the sounds upborne upon the air;
Here joyous shouts: there moans of wild despair.
Each claims a place on this our changeful globe,—
The mourner's solemn shroud, the nuptial robe.

How varied are the fleeting scenes of life!
Fair love gilds some; while some are dark with strife.
Old time speeds on, the while, with wings outspread,
Careless alike of living and of dead.

Yet some he spares!—some who, in love grown grey,
See fifty winters crown their wedding-day.
Ah, then, what thoughts keep flitting through the mind,
Like changeful atoms floating on the wind!

For fifty years they braved the storms of life,
An honest husband and a faithful wife:
And still they proudly speak of days gone by,
Love's lightsome step, and beauty's sparkling eye.

Life's joyous morning! Ah those days were fair!
What happy mirth—what love—what grace—what prayer,
When from the sacred shrine they stepped, in pride,
A loving bridegroom and a happy bride!

Ah, now, how changed their aspect! Youth has fled;
The weight of many winters bows the head:
Just two score years and ten have passed away
Since o'er them dawned that happy bridal day.

Yet, looking back upon the path they trod,
They join in chanting praises to their God:
And vows on earth pronounced, confirmed above,
Still gather strength from still unfailing love.

Like some tall tree, whose gaunt and withered form
Hath battled oft with winter's angry storm,
Steadfast he stood, amid the cares of life,
Warding all dangers from his faithful wife.

As envious clouds conceal the sunny ray,
So troubles oft obscured their earthly way;
Yet Hope was with them, and by Grace still grew;
Hope, life's sweet lily—*Grace*, its freshening dew.

Though oft the tempter spread the luring snare,
 His arts they scorned—a chaste and loving pair:
 Vain all attempts of earthly lust or pride;
 'To loose the holy knot that Heaven had tied.

O witching picture of domestic bliss!
 Where shall the bard find fairer theme than this?
 Two noble hearts, untouched by jealous spleen,
 O'er whom pure love holds jubilee serene.

Behold its fruit! The grandsire looks around,
 And, charmed, his ears drink in the festive sound:
 While the fond dame, with hands upraised in prayer,
 Invokes Heaven's grace on all assembled there.

Throng then, fair guests, around the jocund board!
 Past pain, past sorrow now is all ignored.
 Yours be the charge to keep from base alloy
 This Golden Feast of gratitude and joy.

Ring out sweet bells, and banish gloom and care:
 Let float each note upon the happy air:
 Flow, sparkling wine, till every heart rejoice,
 And song be strong with many a merry voice!

After a few other ceremonies in which all took an active share, the young people were informed that the hall was ready for dancing; upon which the more aged part of the family retired to the Library, to discuss, in select committee, subjects of which the "juniors" were—except through hearsay—entirely ignorant; whilst we youngsters returned to the Hall or *Nursery*.

Immediately on our entrance, sweet strains burst from the brazen trumpets, and the room was incontinently in a dizzy whirl, as the graceful couples moved swiftly down one side

of the great hall and up the other; and, here and there, a maiden heart was won by the flattery of some kinsman, too distantly related to be within the prohibited degrees. In fact, the very day we were celebrating, was one which, fifty years before, had seen two kins-people wedded; for our grand-dame was, herself, a distant cousin to the grand-sire.

While the young people made the old mansion quiver with their flying feet, the old man and old lady were holding a sort of audience of their elder descendants, who vied with each other in bestowing attention upon

their aged parents.

Our ancient paternal ancestor then gave some good advice to all those who were wedded and had families around them, regarding the source from which all domestic felicity is to be sought; and told them how, in his own case, it had been both found and preserved; viz:—by faith and prayer, by the fear of God and submission to His most holy will. And since this example of wedded happiness was “from life” it made all the more impression; and many of the old man’s children resolved to keep his advice always in their minds.

That night, though one of December’s longest, passed away like a dream, and next day, when there was hurrying to and fro in preparation for departure, our grand-parents bade us all remain, if agreeable to ourselves, and gladden their old though tender hearts by enjoying ourselves yet longer in their house, and at their expense.

We all, however, (at least all who lived at a distance) left the old mansion just three days after the “Golden Wedding” had been celebrated. But though we left it in body, our hearts remained behind; and even at this day, though many years have since elapsed, the happy scene is still fresh in our minds.

Our grand-dame now lives with her youngest son in the northern part of Colbert Co., Alabama, near the thriving town of Tuscumbia; her husband having died about seven years after the “Golden Wedding,” leaving her a widow, with three children between twelve and twenty.

Too many, alas! of the brilliant party which then assembled to do her honor are now no more; and of those who remain to tell of the wedding, the greater number are scattered about the country; from Maine to Oregon, and will certainly never meet again beneath the ancestral roof-tree.

A SILK ARTICLE.

(ALFRED E. SAUFFRIGNON, S.B.)

IN compliment to the ladies, who have always been among the most energetic supporters of THE OWL, and to whom that bird feels duly grateful, I offer them, this month, on his behalf, something in *the silk line*.

It is an oft-noted fact that the most common place things are those about which we know least; and among such things, silk seems to me to hold a prominent place.

I have chosen it for the subject of this paper not for the above reason only, but because it is very interesting, and, if carefully studied, affords both instruction and amusement; and—last but not least—because it shows with what exactitude and harmony Nature does her work.

To us Californians it should be especially attractive, our climate being remarkably well adapted to the production of silkworms; so much so, indeed, as to excel in that respect every other silk-growing country in the world. Experiments have proved this: it is no mere matter of speculation. Silk promises, indeed, to be a

staple production of this State in a few years. The subject, therefore, will not be despised by sensible persons.

To begin, then, at the beginning. Silk is a soft tissue, made from a fine bright thread, the work of a worm called the *bombyx*, or silk-worm.

The earliest known forefather of all the silk-worms was a native of China, in which country the worms were raised—according to the veracious annals of that celestial state—*two thousand seven hundred years before the Christian era*.

Though silk was not altogether unknown to the Greeks and Romans, still the mention made of it by Virgil and Horace shows that they were ignorant of the mode of its production.

The Persians, who had introduced sericulture into their country, furnished the Romans, for several centuries, with the article; but at such exorbitant prices, that Aurelian is said to have refused his wife a silk garment. It was not until the reign of Justinian that the silk-worm was introduced into Europe generally; and this introduction was

effected through the instrumentality of two monks, who, in their missionary labors, had penetrated into China, and had there become thoroughly acquainted with the industry. Justinian aided his subjects in the matter; and the Romans no longer had recourse to the Persians for their silk.

Sericulture now spread rapidly throughout Europe, where it has continued, and has been held in constantly increasing estimation, up to the present day.

Silk-worms were first introduced into California by L. Prevost, a native of France. It was in the year 1856 that he began to try his experiments with the worms; but not until the year 1860 did he make it publicly known that this industry was a success in our State. Since then the culture has been steadily increasing.

Mr. Prevost, in the year 1861, published a book on silk-growing as adapted to California, wherein he says that this State possesses the finest climate in the world for sericulture. So much so, indeed, that here—as in China—the worms may be placed on mulberry trees and thrive very well, suffering neither from excessive heat nor from excessive cold. The only objections to this manner of proceeding are, firstly, that they are destroyed by birds, and secondly, that it is an acknowledged fact, that, worms allowed to remain at liberty on the trees, do not produce as good a quality of silk as do those which are confined. It is for this latter reason that in China, the original country of the silkworm, they are kept confined.

But let us examine, briefly, how

these worms are raised in Europe.

If we enter a “cocoonery,” in France, in England, or in Italy, we shall see a surprising number of men at work.

Some are attending to the maintenance of a regular temperature, by establishing drafts when it is too warm, or making fires when it is cold; others are engaged in removing the dead worms, that they may not infect those which are alive; others are taking away the dry leaves; others are removing such worms as have awakened from their lethargy or torpid state; and others are engaged in cleaning the leaves before feeding-time.

I might go on for some time, mentioning the different offices in which all these men are engaged, thus showing the number of precautions which are necessary in those countries.

But are such precautions needed in this? No. And bearing this in mind, we cannot but conclude that our State is preëminently calculated for this industry, and that in a few years it will not improbably be the chief silk-growing country of the world.

We are never visited by thunder storms or rains in summer—the two principal causes which in other countries, produce those contagious diseases which, at times, destroy all the worms. Our climate being so well adapted to its health, the worm does not require the care which is necessary in other countries. And for this reason one man—according to Mr. Prevost’s estimate—can do here, with ease, the work which five could not accomplish in Europe!

To give a minute description of

sericulture is not my present purpose; for, in the first place, my space will not allow me to do so; and, in the second, such details would be of little interest to the general reader.

Hence I will content myself with giving a general description of the industry as it is practised in this climate.

The eggs—no larger than a pin's head—from which the worms are hatched, are kept in a cool place until spring.

When the trees begin to shed their leaves, these eggs are taken out and hatched, which is effected by simply exposing them to a moderate heat.

When the worm is first hatched, it is perfectly black, and about one-eighth of an inch in length.

It is now placed immediately upon the tender mulberry leaves which form its only food. Many other leaves have been tried, but always without success.

The mulberry leaf consists chiefly of five substances; viz:—(1) parenchyme, or fibrous substance; (2) coloring matter; (3) water; (4) sugary matter, and (5) resinous matter. Of these, the fibrous substance and the coloring matter are not, properly speaking, those aliments which are essential to the growth of the worm; but the water and the sugary matter are those which really nourish it. The resinous matter is that which, being purified by the worm, forms the essential constituent of silk.

The worm is continually fed on these leaves, and thus is kept from moving or roving about; which it will never do so long as it is properly fed.

It now goes on increasing in size

for about a week; when, suddenly, it stops feeding, and is attacked for the first time by a kind of sickness, which throws it into a lethargic sleep.

The administration of food must now be stopped, otherwise the worm would be disturbed; and would probably die.

This lethargy, during which it changes its skin, lasts for about three days; and then it awakens and begins to move about in search of food.

It is again fed, for five or six days, during which period it grows to the size of about half an inch in length; and then again, for the second time, it refuses to eat, and falls into another lethargy, during which it once more changes its skin—this time from black or iron-grey to white.

During its life as a worm, the animal passes through *four* of these different stages or periods, each consisting, on an average, of eight days; that is, five for feeding and growing, and three for sleeping and changing its skin.

It must be remarked, here, that the worm does *not* grow while in its lethargy.

After it has awakened from its fourth sleep, it eats more voraciously than ever, for another period of about five days; and then, having reached the length of two inches and a half, it becomes transparent and assumes a yellowish hue.

It now disdains food, and begins to move restlessly about, leaving silky traces wherever it passes. These signs show invariably that it is ready to spin the cocoon.

Small branches or twigs are now placed around it, into which it imme-

diately ascends, The little animal now builds a scaffolding sufficiently strong to bear its own weight; and, reduced as it now is in size, it begins to wind the silk round itself in the form of an oblong roundish ball, resembling somewhat the shape of a peanut-shell. This it is which is called the *cocoon*.

The worm continues spinning, until the cocoon becomes so thick with silk that the spinner is completely hidden within it. It continues however to spin until it has exhausted its silk reservoirs.

It now falls into a state of torpidity; and here that remarkable metamorphosis takes place which all caterpillars undergo when changing to butterflies.

Soon after having fallen into this sleep or torpidity, it gradually loses its appearance of a caterpillar, and assumes a roundish, oblong form. In this state of existence it is called a chrysalis or *aurelia*.

The metamorphosis goes on for eleven or twelve days, at the end of which time the butterfly; or rather moth, pierces a hole through the cocoon, and comes out in quest of its mate.

Though this moth is winged it will not fly, and even in its crawling it is very sluggish.

The female now lays her eggs, which commonly amount to about five hundred in number; and then both male and female die, having taken no food whatever, during their existence as moths.

Such is the process of raising silkworms.

Though in other silk growing countries it is necessary, in order to succeed, to be acquainted with all sorts of minute points,—such as the month in which the eggs should be hatched, what different degrees of heat are required for the worm in its different ages, the time of picking the leaves, the soil in which the mulberry trees should be raised, etc., etc.,—yet, in this country, an acquaintance with these particulars is not necessary. Such an explanation as that which I have given—simple though it may be—fully suffices to enable any one to practice with success the raising of silk in California.

One thing more must be said, concerning the cocoon. When it has been pierced by the moth, it deteriorates greatly in value. The reason for this is evident; for, each cocoon consists of one continuous thread, of some four hundred feet in length; and when this thread is cut up into hundreds of pieces, it is clear that it cannot retain its original value. Besides this, it takes but a few of the moths only to lay eggs enough for the ensuing year's hatching. Hence, if all the moths were allowed to come out, it is clear, not only would the cocoon be needlessly injured, but that there would be a superabundance of eggs. This is simply and easily avoided by heating the cocoons to a temperature of 196° Fahr., which kills the *aurelia*, and thus obviates both the inconveniences above mentioned.

THE ADVENTURES OF A STRONG-MINDED KITTEN ;

A STORY OF CALIFORNIAN LIFE.

(BY J. P. ROWE.)

CHAPTER X.—*The Belle of the Woods.*

IT was on a beautiful moonlight evening that Kitty first saw her cousin Miss Wildcat, whom she immediately perceived to be without a tail, and in the eagerness of her curiosity to find out what had become of that appendage, forgot that it would have been no more than prudence on her part to insinuate herself gently into the good graces of her rich cousin, and to flatter her a little, (if possible) instead of pointing out her defects.

"How-de-do, cousin?" cried Kitty, briskly, looking up at her, and speaking as if she had known her all her life.

But the handsome creature only answered by a contemptuous toss of the head. So Puss sprang up very unceremoniously into the tree beside her, and seized Miss Wildcat by one of her hind limbs, as she was scampering off.

"Stop," cried Puss; "I want to interview you!"

But Miss Wildcat, never having been "interviewed" in her life, did not like the notion, and boxed Kitty's ears, in order to make her let go.

Puss held on.

"What is it you want to know?" cried Miss Wildcat, in a passion.

"I want to know," said Puss, between her teeth—for she was afraid to let go of Miss Wildcat—"what you have done with your tail?"

"I never had one," replied Miss Wildcat. "It is only little common cats like you, that have tails; and I am surprised at a low-bred thing, of your demoralized appearance, presuming to interview one of your betters."

"You never had a tail!" cried Kitty in astonishment, ignoring the last part of Wildcat's speech.

"My great-great-grand-parents, who were common cats, had tails; but as the family rose in life they gradually left them off. In fact they had so much leisure, (their food being always close at hand) that they did nothing but sit around, and look about them; and their tails, being so much sat upon, wore out."

"What kind of food is it that is so plentiful with you?" anxiously inquired our Puss.

"Birds," replied Miss Wildcat, "When the dear little plump creatures are asleep on the trees, with

their pretty heads under their wings, dreaming of the coming spring, we steal softly up, and end at once their lives and their dreams."

"How much would you charge to teach me the art of killing birds?" said Kitty, "I'll pay in gophers."

"Pshaw!" cried Wildcat, "do you think I'd demean myself by teaching anybody anything? That would be to lead merely a *useful* life; and my aim is to have an *amusing* one. I devote myself entirely to the ornamental; and my principal business is to break my fellow-creatures' hearts; for I'm the acknowledged beauty of the woods."

"Dear me," said Kitty, "I'd rather break their *bones*, and end their

miseries at once. Hearts seem to me rather tough things, and hard to reach."

"Oh, you've too much common sense for me!" exclaimed Wildcat, impatiently. "We aristocrats don't like sensible people; for they are mostly of rough exterior, like you. *Let go; will you?*"

"No," answered Puss, holding on like grim death to the hind limb of nobility: "I won't let go, till you promise me to show how to catch birds."

"Then meet me by moonlight alone, to-morrow night, right here, and I'll show you how." And Wildcat, glad to regain her freedom, ran off without waiting for an answer.

CHAPTER XI.—*Studies in Ornithology.*

WHEN the next night arrived, Pussy repaired to the trysting-place, and there found her new acquaintance, entertaining a large party of friends, of the sterner sex.

"Look here," cried she to her admirers; "that little, uneducated thing wants to learn bird-catching. Who will teach her?"

But there were no volunteers; for they all thought Puss too homely to have anything to do with. Miss Wildcat had therefore to instruct her, herself, and before the night was out, Kitty, who was an apt pupil, had added bird-catching to her other accomplishments.

"Now, good bye!" cried Wildcat when daylight appeared: "I've fulfill-

ed my promise, and I don't want to have anything more to do with you. You are not *good style*."

"I shall come and see you whenever I choose, for all that, replied our impudent Kitten; "but good-bye for the present!"

Puss now developed a decided genius for ornithology. The study of birds became her great delight. She seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of the habits of them all; but particularly was this the case with the quails, whom she would watch by the hour together. And how pretty they did look, to be sure, when a group of young ones came out from the chapparral and blackberry bushes, attended by the demure, frightened-looking

mother, and the dear, plucky little father, with his comical white-bordered cap, adorned with those two roguish feathers, placed sideways on his head. "Verily," thought Kitty to herself, "Dame Nature was in a waggish mood when she constructed *him!*" How soft too were the little grey coats of these birds, and how daintily were they trimmed with black edging!

But much as she admired all this, it must be confessed that our Puss thought more of their little fat bodies, upon which she made many a good dinner.

Sometimes, when she lay in ambush, watching them, the timid mother would catch sight of her, and jumping up on a twig, would begin an anxious clucking, to call the young ones together; but the courageous little father, who was not frightened a bit, would come forward, and wag his little fat body so funnily, and cry,—"Can't catch me!—Can't catch me?—Can't catch me!" And—*whirr-r-r-r!*—they would all rise

together in the air, and fly away!

But Kitty, far from forgetting Miss Wildcat, made a point of going occasionally to see her. At first, the aristocratic circle of which Miss Wildcat formed the central attraction, finding they could not rid themselves of Puss, pretended not to see her; but she gradually made her way into their society; and so great were her talents, that she soon became, among these upper ten thousand, a sort of cherished pet—a little court fool—privileged to say the most cutting things and make the driest jokes without fear of consequences. She attracted so much attention, in fact, that Wildcat began to be very jealous of her, and to find that beauty without brains was hardly a match for brains without beauty. I do not know what dreadful thing might not have happened, if Puss had not anticipated the coming troubles by disappearing. Just then, from the neighborhood, in a very extraordinary and unexpected manner.

CHAPTER XII.—*The Railroad Camp.*

THIS was how it happened. Not far from the residence of California Lion, were a number of two-legged animals, of the same species as Kitty's old friend, the Prairie Farmer. These creatures were working at a foolish thing—not likely to be of the smallest use to cats, as long as the world lasts—called the *Union Pacific Railroad* (At the time of which I write it was

still unfinished.) One of them, seeing Puss sauntering about, pocketed her, and took her home to his shanty in the railroad town close by.

Here Puss did not feel at all like a stranger; for everything was very like what it had been at the Prairie Farmer's domicile; from which, as you may recollect, she was carried off by the emigrants.

She would have been very comfortable, if it had not been for the town dogs, who were inclined to be rude to her. She could never go out of doors without keeping near a tree, up which she could dart on any pressing danger; for those dogs always made a rush at her, directly she came in sight.

"I see Mother Tabby spoke the truth in all she said about dogs," said Kitty to herself, "for I never saw such ill-bred, ill-favored creatures before. Surely their ancestors were coyotes; and what can one expect from such a parentage?"

Truth to tell, they were as mongrel a set of curs as ever haunted railroad camps. There was one nondescript animal with a Newfoundland head, and bull-dog limbs, and a curly tail like a pig's; and another with a mastiff head, and spaniel legs, and no tail at all. There were shaggy dogs and

smooth dogs, and tall dogs and small dogs, and fat dogs and lean dogs; but it was hard to say which was the ugliest dog of them all.

Whenever they attacked Kitty, she darted up a tree, and sitting upon a branch looked down upon them with silent contempt.

By and by, however, she formed a personal acquaintance with one or two of the best-looking among them. These introduced her to the rest; and soon she found that they were not such bad creatures, after all. They on their part held a consultation about her, and came to the conclusion that, though she belonged to the family of cats, which from time immemorial had been regarded as outcasts from the family of dogs, yet, since their masters thought proper to tolerate her, they would do the same. And it was, ever after, a point of honor among them not to harm Pussy.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

XMAS.

(By Owlets of the Fifth English.)

VACATION! Home! Christmas!
Oh how glad we owlets are!

Vacation! How light the very
sound makes our hearts feel!

Home! Ah; yes! Sweet *sweet*
home! We can say no more; for 'tis
hard to find a sweeter, dearer word
on earth than *home*.

And is there anything dearer to the
heart than to return home after many
months' absence? Yes; there is
something sweeter far: it is to return
home *on Christmas Day*.

Our little hearts feel so queer.
"What's the matter?" We don't
know. We try to study; but our
eyes are no sooner fixed upon our
books than visions of Christmas Trees,
and stockings brim-full of all sorts of
goodies, pass before our minds. We
begin to write, and "Christmas" is
the only words our pens will form.

Father Owl, we own our hearts
grow big with joy: we cannot help it;
the thought of Christmas brings so
much happiness. We fancy almost
to hear the angels chanting that same

heavenly canticle with which they
saluted the shepherds in Bethlehem:
"Glory be to God in the highest, and
on earth peace to men of good will."
Our hearts easily catch up this celestial
strain; and they find a hidden joy, a
wonderful sweetness, in fulfilling this
angelic mandate.

Can there be a sad heart at Christ-
mas? There should not be. There
must not be. Then let each one of
us cheer up the sad hearts we meet;
and ours will be the lighter and the
happier for it. Let the sunshine of
our charity gladden the dismal hearts
of the poor. *Our purse-strings should
be loosely tied at Christmas.*

We owlets wish to see and to make
everybody happy; and we desire all
the world to be happy in this happiest
of happy seasons. And we wish a
very happy Christmas to all. A very
happy Christmas to our beloved Pre-
sident, Father Varsi, who has done so
much for us owlets. A happy Christ-
mas to all the Faculty; even to Mr.
S——, who must now close his

"Letter A."* We wish a happy Christmas to Father Owl and all connected with him. And may we ourselves and all our schoolmates find a happy one in doing good. May no thought, word or deed of any owlet be displeasing to the Divine Babe; and may the sweet Mother of God take all the owlets under her powerful protection, and obtain for us the grace of spending a most happy

Christmas!

We append a few short extracts from the compositions on Christmas by the Owlets. The first is from the pen of Master JOHN HOPKINS, who in the nest, is called *Jack*. He does not relate his own personal experience, but that of a friend. If these few lines should meet the eye of any old "'49er," let him receive them as the greeting of a happy Christmas.

XMAS IN "'49."

THE boys of "'49" had hard times, for there were no toy-shops nor candy stores then. Beans and pork, picks and shovels were the chief articles of trade.

A friend of mine, who was then a boy, related to me an amusing fact about a gift of Santa Claus, in '49.

This gentleman, (I don't mean Santa Claus) was then living in the mines; and when Christmas Eve came, he hung up his stocking, boy-like, fondly hoping that Santa Claus had been informed that there were boys in California.

Bright and early on Christmas morning he hastened to his stocking. He jumped with joy as he saw that it had been filled. But on reaching it, what was his sorrow to find it full of beans, on the top of which was placed

a coin, whilst through the beans and his sock was thrust a large pick.

Poor fellow! he must have been sadly disappointed.

But he was consoled when his father told him that Santa Claus wished by this to give him a good lesson. "You see," said his father, "he has given you a pick to teach you that you must work. The beans and money are to support you whilst at work." This satisfied the boy, who hoped that Santa Claus would be more liberal with his goodies at the next Christmas.

The boys of '73 are blessed with more good things than those of '49. Therefore they should be more thankful to God, and strive all the harder to be deserving of them.

[* It should perhaps be explained, to readers unfamiliar with Santa Clara College, that the dismal apartment marked by the letter "A," is devoted to the recitation of penal lines. Mr. S——, who presides over that joyless domain, appears to be regarded by these owlets for the

exercise on their parts of the most heroic charity. Even to their worst enemies these good Christian owlets wish well. It does credit to *them*, and we hope it will ensure to Mr. S——, the "happy Xmas" which they wish him.—ED.]

WE are pleased to cull the following from a composition of little CHAR-

LES MOORE, the smallest owlet in the Fifth English.

XMAS AT SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

IN 1872, I was among those who could not go home for the Christmas Vacation, because my home, like that of many others, is very far away.

We anticipated a gloomy time: but our forebodings, happily, were without foundation; for the Fathers did all in their power to make us happy and *feel at home*.

The long evenings were but a succession of games.

The Prefects always put up little prizes for the winners.

Many and charming were these games; but as I wish to speak more particularly of Christmas night, I must forego the pleasure of describing them. I shall say but one word about them. It puzzled me to see the Prefect never find the bottom of his pocket; for if we won ever so many prizes, the pocket was never emptied; and I am sure the same pocket will be full for those who pass the Christmas of '73 within the College walls.

* * * * *

At last the long expected day, the Birthday of our Saviour Jesus Christ, arrived.

We got up gladly in the morning, and after washing, proceeded to Chapel to hear Mass, at which many of us received our Lord in Holy Communion.

I pass over the joys of the day, the grand dinner, etc., etc.

When the supper bell called us, we hastened to the refectory; and as we entered, the large Christmas tree met our eyes. It was not only large but very beautiful also; and a multitude of charming things hung from its

drooping branches.

After supper we gathered around the Christmas tree. Father Varsi, our good and beloved President, soon came in, and then the boys formed lines in a circle on each side of the good Father. Then one of the senior students gave us some charming music on the piano. After which another of the seniors arose, and made some excellent remarks appropriate to the occasion. Several of the juniors also spoke, thanking the good President and wishing him joy, etc. Between each address we had music.

Oh, how charming the tree appeared! Each branch was lighted up by a small wax candle, and the toys, apples, books, etc., were so tempting!

It was too bad—yes, indeed, too bad—to spoil such a beautiful tree; but Mr. ——— took around a little box containing many numbers, and each boy took out several of them. And when all the numbers had been distributed equally among the boys, Mr. ——— began to strip the tree. As he took each article off, he called out the number attached to it; and he who held that number came forward and received the article from Father Varsi, who seemed as pleased in giving as did each one of us in receiving so many and such fine presents.

It occupied considerable time to distribute all the gifts; so that it was well nigh bed-time, before we left the refectory.

We then proceeded to the Chapel, to say our night prayers, and to thank the good God, the giver of all good things.

* * * * *

THE next short extract is from the composition of DOMENICO BERTA, who, when he entered the College last August, could not speak or write a word in English.

XMAS IN SWITZERLAND.

ALL the cities, towns and villages in Switzerland, celebrate this day with great festivity and honor.

The churches, the houses, and in some places even the streets are adorned with evergreens.

All pass this day in joy and happiness around the family hearth.

At midnight on the eve of Christmas, a Mass is celebrated, just when the birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ took place in the cave at Bethlehem.

My greatest pleasure at Christmas, when I was in my dear country, was to hear the Mass on this night, in a little but amiable church situated on the summit of a charming little mountain.

After Mass I would take a small branch of the Christmas tree, and put it in my hat, and thus arrayed, triumphantly descend the slope of the mountain to my home.

My mother would meet me on the threshold, and throwing myself into her arms I would kiss her a happy Christmas.

How can I describe the beauty of those Christmas mornings; the happiness of my heart; the thoughts of

my mind; the solemn aspect of what was around me.

It had been snowing all the day before my last visit; the air was mild, and the way was all covered with snow; and the pine trees that in great numbers flank the route, were also covered in snow, and their branches gracefully bent under its soft weight.

The moon in her splendor enlightened our path, and the brilliant twinkling stars seemed to rejoice with us in our pious journey.

This solemn silence of nature was broken only from time to time by the fall of the large masses of snow as they slipped from the overcharged branches of the trees; or by the gay voices of my companions; or by the deafening rushing of the distant Tessen.

Oh how sweet are the recollections of those times, especially now when I am in a strange land!

I can only have the pleasure of sending to my dear home my most fervid wishes of happiness and prosperity, but I cherish the hope of soon returning to my loved Switzerland.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A NOVELTY IN STEAM ENGINES.

AMONG the various subjects to which *THE OWL* has, from its commencement, been specially devoted, not the least is Science. And no wonder. For if there is one department of education more prominent in Santa Clara College than another, it is, beyond all doubt, the scientific department. And it follows almost as a matter of course, from this fact, that the Editorial Board of *THE OWL* should keep the eyes of that sapient bird wide open to any new scientific invention that may crop up within the neighborhood of his nest, and should see that his beak and talons are always sharp, and his mind and body prompt to pounce down thereupon.

Now, without any disparagement to Santa Clara, San José, and the rest of the county, it must be said that scientific novelties of any high value have not been numerous here. There is consequently all the more reason why such an invention as the present should attract particular notice. For if there be anything whatever in the field of science that can claim commemoration, then, most assuredly, may the new engine claim it, to which we are about to call attention. To the best of our judgment, all existing steam engines will very shortly, be superseded by it.

And now let us explain why we think so; for, having seen the new engine in action we can "speak by the card." It was but a few days ago that we went to make an inspection of it, at McKenzie's Iron Works at San José, where it is now propelling, with perfect success, all the machinery of the Works.

The first step we took in the matter was to put ourselves in communication with Mr. S. A. Bishop of the Alameda, San Jose, who, together with Judge Moore of that city, has supplied the inventor with the capital required to bring his invention before the public.

We have long had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Bishop, whose warm interest in everything of a scientific or mechanical nature we have frequently had occasion to remark; and we cannot help thinking that it must be owing in no small degree to his discernment, and capability of appreciating much which others might pass over, that the new engine is being so carefully and judiciously brought forward.

Armed with an introduction from this gentleman, who, with his usual courtesy had afforded us all the information in his power, we made it our next business to find out the inventor.

He proved to be a young man of about eighteen years of age, bearing the hitherto unknown name of FRANK J. CROUCH. Having no means of his own wherewith to bring out his invention, he has of course been very glad to gain the assistance of men like Messrs. Bishop and Moore, by whose aid the engine was constructed which we have just seen in action. Mr. Crouch is a very modest and unassuming youth, with no nonsense about him, and but little "talk." It is evident that he has no wish to make himself conspicuous; and we congratulate him on his good sense therein. But unless we are much mistaken, the name of Frank J. Crouch, will ere long be famous throughout the length and breadth of the Union, and indeed of the world. For the inventor of an engine which, while it possesses the same capabilities as an ordinary steam engine of similar power, occupies scarcely one-fourth of the ordinary space, consumes but one half of the ordinary quantity of fuel, requires no masonry around it, nor even a foundation on which to set it, is so light that it can be moved with the greatest ease from place to place, and, "to cap the climax," *cannot burst its boiler*,—the inventor, we repeat, of such an engine, must surely become famous.

"Crouch's Superheated Steam and Air Engine," is the title by which the new invention is becoming known.

And now for the principle upon which it works; which is that of *superheating* both air and steam.

The boiler, regarded from one side, is somewhat in the form of the letter L, as will be evident from the accompanying diagram (Fig. 1.)

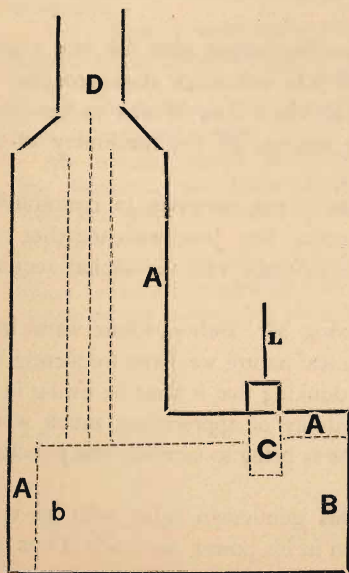


Fig. 1.

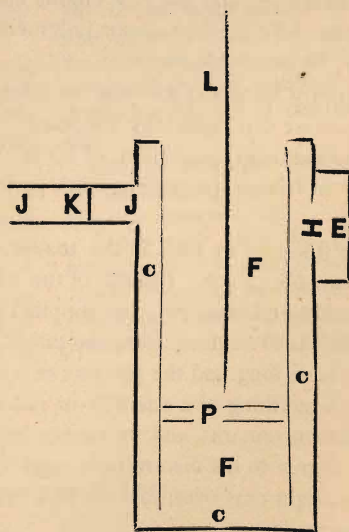


Fig. 2.

A A A represents the boiler, upon the horizontal part of which is the engine.

B is the fire box, which extends as far as b; where it is connected with tubes terminating in the chimney, D.

C is the chamber (extending into the fire box) which contains the cylinder. This chamber, represented on a larger scale in figure 2, is in immediate connexion with the valve or steam chest E. F F is the cylinder in which the piston (P) works, and which, being open at the bottom, connects with the chamber.

L is the connecting-rod.

Hence it is evident that when the fire heats the boiler it also heats the chamber, which, as we have already said, extends through the horizontal part of the boiler into the fire-box, B.

When the throttle valve is opened, the steam, passing through the steam-chest (E) enters the chamber (C C C) by the aperture H. As the steam enters the chamber, its temperature is raised, and its elastic force thereby increased proportionately; and as the cylinder (F F) is open at the bottom, the steam exerts its force under the piston (P), which is pushed upwards, until it reaches the top of the cylinder, when the exhaust-pipe (which, as in ordinary engines is placed in the centre of the steam-chest) is opened, and the steam escapes.

It is now evident that, to complete the revolution of the crank, the piston must return to the bottom of the cylinder. And as the steam has no communication with the upper surface of the cylinder, another similarly arranged cylinder, with an opposite motion, is placed beside the first. The steam is now cut off, (in the steam chest) from the first cylinder into the second, whose piston rises while that of the first descends; and so they continue alternately, thus completing the revolution of the crank.

So far, the work of the steam only has been explained.

As the steam finds an outlet through the exhaust-pipe, a vacuum is created within the cylinder (F F) and in its chamber (C C C).

J J is a tube connecting air with the chamber. In this tube there is a valve (K) which closes when the pressure comes from the chamber, and opens when it comes from the air. Now it is evident that, as soon as the vacuum is formed in the chamber, the atmospheric pressure opens the valve (K) and the vacuum is partly filled by the air which rushes in. By this time the piston has reached the bottom of the cylinder, when the steam is admitted from the steam-chest into the heated chamber. Both air and steam then become immediately *superheated*, and the piston is pushed upwards, and again pushed downwards by the other piston, which is acted upon in precisely the same way.

Such is the principal upon which the engine is constructed. And so beautifully and steadily does it work, that it seems more like a living thing, than a piece of inanimate mechanism.

The advantages which this engine possesses are just those of which the want has so long been felt.

In the first place, as the whole engine is necessarily placed upon the boiler, *no other room is required for it than that occupied by the boiler.*

In the second place, from the two facts, (1) that heated air performs a great part of the work, and (2) that the elasticity of the steam is greatly increased by superheating, it will be readily understood that *very little steam is required to run the engine, and consequently that only a small boiler is needed.* In illustration of this point we may remark that the engine of which we speak is one of ten-horse power, and can be run at sixteen; and yet the dimensions of the boiler (including the whole engine) are no more than five feet in length, five feet eight inches in height, and two feet six inches in breadth! Now if we compare this space with that which a common engine of the same power, with its boiler, would require, what a contrast presents itself!

In the third place, the boiler of this engine *requires no masonry around it, nor even a foundation.*

In the fourth place, *the entire engine is so light that two horses can draw it over any common road.*

In the fifth place, the invention effects an object which is peculiarly important at the present day, and which has long been aimed at without success: we refer to the saving of fuel. It is stated by Mr. Mitchell, foreman of the Iron Works, that this engine *consumes only one half the amount of fuel consumed by an ordinary engine of the same power.*

Considering all these advantages, we cannot but think that this engine will soon supercede all others.

There is no kind of work, indeed, of which a steam engine is capable, to which it may not be applied with the greatest advantage.

Take, for instance, a steam vessel with engines of the ordinary kind, and see what an enormous portion of it is occupied by the boilers, engine and coal bunks. Now if this new engine were substituted, what a difference would be found in these respects! It is not only that very little room would be occupied by the boilers and engines, but the enormous space now devoted to coals would be reduced by one half.

Before our next issue, we are happy to say, the public will have a fine opportunity of seeing one of the new engines in work; for Mr. Bishop informs us that he is having a locomotive built upon the Crouch principle, and that it will probably be completed in a week or two; when it will be tried on the San José and Santa Clara R.R. track. This has hitherto been a *horse* railroad, as our California readers well know, though our friends at a distance do not. And notwithstanding that an attempt was once made to displace the horses by steam locomotives on the old principle, and that such locomotives were actually tried on the track, the clumsy and cumbrous nature of the old engine rendered the scheme a failure.

But, although we write before the *experimentum crucis* has been made, we feel almost inclined to hazard a prophecy that the days of horseflesh, on this car-track are over, and that the Crouch engine on the Alameda will be "the right thing in the right place."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

“CHRISTMAS CAROLS” are among the many signs which at this holy season remind us that the Birthday of God Almighty is at hand; and though the particular carols before us are almost hidden from sight among the piles of other matter, from all quarters, which cumber our editorial table, they claim, and shall receive precedence over all.

“Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël !
Born is the King of Israel,”

will, before our next issue, be the greeting given and received on all sides; and we venture to anticipate matters somewhat, by wishing our readers, here and now, a merry and a happy Xmas.

For the Carols to which we have referred we are indebted to the publishers of the *Vox Humana*, of Cambridgeport, Mass., the December number of which has been published in advance of time, and is now before us. One of them, in particular, which is very old, and like many other old things very simple and beautiful, has so great a charm for us that we regret our inability—for want of space—to quote it intire. It is entitled “The Virgin and Child,” and represents our blessed Lady as singing a lullaby to the infant God.

WE have more College *Magazines* upon our table than usual. One of their number is newly born, and comes to us from Washington College, Alameda County, Cal. It is a Quarterly, neatly printed and modestly edited. Its editors represent themselves as having been much exercised by the knotty question, “Our Name. What shall it be?” They decided, eventually, upon “The College Miscellany.” “The *Echo*” argued they, in the course of their discussion, “belongs to the aspiring boys of Berkeley, and THE OWL to the philosophic, wise and witty boys of Santa Clara.” We might take our young contemporary for a *medium*, were it not that his powers of discernment are so far above the medium. Never were the distinguishing characteristics of any two communities more accurately drawn. “*Rem acu tetigistis*,” Washingtonians.

THE *Yale Lit.* is always a welcome visitor to us. There is something sterling, reliable and honorable about it, which commends it to our minds at once. If it be not quite so “sparkling” as some would have it, we are by no

means sure that this is a fault. A magazine may be something better than merely sparkling; and we think the *Lit.* is this. In the November number we find a sensible and thoughtful article entitled "Our Need," in which the low motives which commonly prevail in this country on the subject of education are ably exposed, and the pursuit of intellectual improvement *for its own sake*, and not for the sake of dollars, is advocated. "The eyes of the people," says the *Lit.* "are at last open to the fact that shameless intrigue and corruption have long held unquestioned sway in our public life; and as these slowly, and, as we hope surely swept away, they will welcome as never before, educated men who bring with them to the work earnestness and principle." No doubt our contemporary is right with regard to the past; but are not his anticipations of the future too sanguine? We fear the brooms are yet unmade which are to do the "sweeping" in question.

THE *Brunonian* presents, in its November number, a greatly improved appearance. It is both handsome externally and creditable internally. Its first article, "The Scholar in Politics," chimes in well with the Yale article just quoted. "The condition of our political system" it says, "has at last come to such a pass that the thinking mind of the country is looking anxiously for some remedy. It has been often repeated, and is now commonplace to say, that the elections have become a farce, the fountains of justice are poisoned, and impudence and ignorance, clothed with the garments of official dignity, sit in high places, puffed up with an authority which threatens to be by no means as brief as it is disastrous. The cry comes, where shall we look for deliverance?" And the answer of the *Brunonian* is similar, in substance, to that of the *Lit.* It thinks that gentlemen and scholars are "our need," and that they should no longer shrink from taking part in politics. Well: let the gentlemen and scholars "try it on," say we; and *macti sint virtute!*

THE last *Vassar Miscellany* is good, as usual. It is always a pleasure to us to read it. Articles that are not praiseworthy are very rare, and articles deserving of very high praise are frequent. We have not the space, this month, to enter into details about it; for there are other young ladies to notice; those of the *Packer Quarterly*, for instance.

WHY the *Packer Quarterly* receives so many compliments from the majority of our college exchanges, we confess we hardly know. We do not wish to be ungallant, and we do not intend to find fault; but we are free to confess that our praise of this characteristically feminine production must be somewhat "faint." Our good will is gained at once by its moral and religious tone, which we acknowledge to be a very important point in a college magazine, and especially so in the magazine of a *female* college. But, assuming its writers to represent fairly the education given at Packer, we cannot say that we

think that institution likely to do much towards the intellectual elevation of the gentler sex. We think our neighbor of the *Mills Quarterly*, young as their magazine is, may well court a comparison with their eastern contemporary.

THE *Hamilton Literary Monthly* for October is good. (Where is the November number?) We are glad to see that the Hamiltonians take so warm an interest in philosophy as this number evinces. The article entitled "Twenty Years of Philosophy" shows careful study of the subject.

THE *Virginia University Magazine* is always welcome; and we regret it as a loss that the November number has not reached us. That for October is better than usual.

We are glad to see the *Bates Student* on our table once more. It is one of the neatest and best printed magazines on our exchange list; and its contents are not unworthy of its typography.

BEFORE speaking of outside magazines, we have a word or two to say on some of the *journals* on our college exchange list.

We learn from various sources that the two journals of the State University at Oakland—or ought we to say at Berkeley:—are about to be merged into one, which will be called, we believe, the *Berkeleyan*. We need scarcely say that we shall greet the new journal with a cordial welcome.

As to the *Echo*, the happy reference which has been made by our young friend the *College Miscellany* to "the aspiring boys of Berkeley," reminds us of a very "aspiring" article indeed, which appeared in its November, and was marked by us for notice.

It claims for the embryo institution across the bay, equality with, if not superiority to the best seats of education in the East. "We of course consider "our University as one of the first in the land," says the *modest* little upstart.

Moreover, it casts scorn on everything near it. "Here we are alone," it loftily observes, "with not a real college within thousands of miles of us." (On behalf of the various colleges "within thousands of miles" of Oakland, we tender our grateful acknowledgements of the compliment).

Listen, too, to the tone of forced astonishment with which it complains of the injustice of the rest of the world in not taking the newly fledged institution at its own valuation. The opening words of the article are these: "One of "the Yale papers recently gave a list of what purported to be the chief colleges in the country, in which"—*proh pudor!*—"the name of the University "of California does not appear. It was with considerable surprise," continue the "aspiring boys of Berkeley," "that we noticed that the institution of which

"we are so proud, and in which we place such complete trust, was entirely "neglected." We beg to soothe their wounded vanity with the assurance that the rest of the collegiate world would have felt "considerable surprise" if they *had* been included in such a list.

We hear that the Berkeley boys are doing their own grading, at the new University buildings, and getting twenty cents an hour for it. This is all very well, and we have not a word to say against it; but they had much better not attempt to do their own trumpeting too. It won't pay.

Enter trumpeter once more, however, and thus he toots:—"Harvard and "Yale will find rivals to draw from their stores, and will be hard pushed per-haps; and as 'westward the star of empire takes its path,' only great power "and glory can accrue to our guardian of the Golden Gate," etc. Now this really looks very serious for Harvard and Yale. If the rulers of those effete Eastern institutions have any prudence, they will surely avert their coming doom by affiliating themselves, while there is yet time, to the glorious University of Berkeley: for "*is it not*," continues the penny-trumpeter of the *Echo*, "*a prominent College?*"

Surely this is discounting the (imaginary) future with a vengeance! We know of no grounds for connecting our contemporary with frogs in general—for aught we know though, he may be partial to them—but he certainly reminds us of one particular frog, which, disdaining to allow that it was inferior in size to its bovine neighbor, puffed itself out, with the "aspiring" design of rivaling his proportions, until—like the *University Echo*—it burst, and there was no more of it!

We had really wished to be on the best of terms with the *Echo*; but there *may* be an amount of brag which "no fellah" (as Lord Dundreary would say) can overlook. May its successor, the *Berkeleyan* be more reasonable!

THE *Seminary Budget*, a quarterly journal of very pleasing appearance, from the Sacramento Seminary for Young Ladies, seeks a place on our exchange list. By all means, ladies! We are pleased to make your journalistic acquaintance.

We cannot congratulate the *Hesperian Student* on the first of its series of "Chronicles," so called. It relates, in a sort of *parody* of the language of the Holy Bible, certain college events which are not in any way remarkable, and which, even if they were, would still sound offensive when so narrated. Take a bit of friendly advice, O sons of Hesperus; and let the first Chronicle be the last. There is never any wit in parodies on Scripture.

THE *Oxford Undergraduates' Journal* is interesting, this month. *Inter alia* it refers to a dispute raised lately about the precedence given at the jubilee Banquet of the Oxford "Union" to the Catholic *Archbishop* of Westminster

over certain Protestant *Bishops*. Let our good Anglican friends calm down. Archbishops take precedence of Bishops, all the world over; and besides, it would never have answered to play tricks on *Archbishop Manning*.

WE have three or four *outside* magazines to notice.

The *Overland* is nearly always clever and entertaining, and its last number is no exception to the rule.

Wood's Household Magazine (Shutes, New York City) is continuously good, number after number; and we do not notice anything anti-Catholic in it. It certainly fulfils the promise of its name, and is suited admirably for family perusal; but as to those terrible chromos of Yosemite which, for our sins, angry Jupiter is for ever raining down upon us, O Wood, why *would* you—or rather how could you—add another to their number? If you only knew how we have been tortured by them already, you would, we think, be more merciful.

Of all the magazines we ever saw, for boys and girls, the most elegant and attractive seems to us to be the *St. Nicholas*, of which the first number is before us. It is beautifully printed, on fine smooth paper; is full of splendid woodcuts; and promises, if we may judge it by its first number, to prove a great success. It is conducted by Mrs. Dodge, and printed by Scribner & Co., N. Y.

Vick's Floral Guide for January 1874 has reached us; and we can give it no greater praise than to say it is equal, if not superior to its own previous numbers. We know but little of horticulture, but have been perfectly delighted with the beauty of its wood-engravings, which are artistic in the highest sense of the word. The only thing we dislike about it, is the "chromo" opposite the title page, which is very annoying to the eye.

IDLE NOTES.

ON the evening of the 19th of November, a large number of people from Santa Clara, San José and their vicinity, gathered in the College Hall to witness the drama of "William Tell," and listen to the dulcet strains of the Cecilian Society.

The audience was larger than had ever gathered there on any similar occasion; and the smiling faces of the ladies, their bright dresses, their fluttering fans—in short their *tout ensemble*—were well calculated to cause the young gentlemen of the College to try their utmost to please. And, from what we could gather, they appear to have succeeded beyond their most brilliant expectations.

The mixture of music with the drama, formed a new feature in our College entertainments. The idea was, we think, a happy one; since the music was not only a fruitful source of pleasure, but also served to counteract that tendency to monotony which is apt to characterize a continuous drama.

The College Brass Band favored the audience with the "Overture from the Huguenots;" and "Selections from La Favorita." Comment is almost superfluous, inasmuch as every one is familiar with the excellence of the Band's performances.

The College String Band, although lately organized, gains new laurels at every performance. On this occasion it played the "Light Cavalry Overture," and the "Blue Danube Waltzes" in such fine style that, as the delicious harmony was wafted through the Hall, the subdued murmurs of conversation were hushed into the stillness of wrapt attention. This Band is indeed worthy of great praise; and we think it should become a leading feature of every performance.

The "Fantasia Brillante" on the violin, by Professor F. Gramm, showed him to be a perfect master of his instrument. He was ably accompanied on the piano by Professor Schemmell of San José.

The song by Mr. H. B. Cohen, who had kindly volunteered his services for the occasion, was so highly appreciated as to receive a well merited encore.

Altogether the music was excellent; and we only regret that our limited space will not allow us to give it a more extended criticism.

In the drama, Mr. D. O. Furlong gave an excellent dramatical impersonation of "Gesler." His good voice and forcible elocution, added to a superb costume, rendered him in all respects a worthy object of admiration. Mr. H. B. Peyton received, likewise, a due share of praise. Mr. Jas. F. Dunne, however, seems to have won the most laurels. Indeed this gentleman had hitherto (as was remarked) hardly done himself justice. On this

occasion, his simple and unaffected manner made him the very personation of the youthful mountaineer. Mr. W. P. Veuve, as "Verner," one of the compatriots of Tell, spoke in a loud and distinct tone, but with some slight faults not difficult of correction. However, taking into consideration that this was his first appearance on the stage, all will allow that his debut is a promising one. Mr. W. S. Hereford, as "Melctal," the old man, was very good; even better than afterwards in his second character of "Erni." Mr. S. J. Fellom as "Michael," "the wild and idle gallant of the town," who refused to bow to Gesler's cap, was vigorous and determined in his actions and speech. Mr. Winston as "Furst;" Mr. Brişac as "Purre," and Mr. Mallon as "Rodolph," were all creditable performers.

The various costumes displayed great taste on the part of the costumer; and produced an excellent effect; especially those of Gesler and Sarnem. Indeed both to the costumer and to the reverend gentleman who so kindly and skilfully adapted the scenes of the Old Theatre to this entertainment, the sincere thanks of the performers are due.

The performance, though not so long as usual, was favorably received by the audience, who returned to their respective homes well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

THE sad duty devolves upon us this month of recording two deaths. The first is that of our worthy and faithful Porter, Mr. Daniel Grehan, who departed this life on the morning of November 19th, (after an extremely short illness) fortified by the Sacraments of the Church. His loss is deeply mourned by all; more especially by those who knew him best. His end was such as accorded well with the many years of dutiful service which he had devoted to the glory of God. The second death is that of Brother Gianfranceschi, of the Society of Jesus. *Requiescant in pace.*

THE thanks of the College are due to Mr. Wm. Randall, (a fellow student,) for a beautiful Cardinal Bird (*Fringella Cardinalis*) from the tropical forests of Mexico. The arrival of the bird was the cause of much innocent amusement, as rumors were circulated in the yard that "a Cardinal" was about to visit us. The effect of this intelligence upon some, was so comical that we are strongly tempted to describe it. We refrain, however, from so doing, out of consideration for their feelings.

ALL lovers of the Terpsichorean art would do well to patronize Mr. Fernandez, who has now instituted his winter class. The dulcet strains of the new "fiddler" cause even our sedate owlship to forget, once and again, our accustomed dignity, and to trip it on "the light fantastic toe."

MESSRS. W. S. Hereford, V. S. McClatchy, and W. P. Veuve, of the Mental Philosophy Class, favored the students, on last "First Wednesday," with a good logical disputation on *Scepticism*.

THE weather lately has been intensely cold and stormy; so cold that we had a slight fall of snow in the Valley—a thing that has not occurred for years; and even now, the hills around look beautiful in their crowns of pure white.

“LET us hurry through *time*, that we may begin *eternity*,” said one of the professors the other day, in class. Astonishment of course followed, which however soon gave place to the inevitable “audible smile,” when the joke was perceived. “Time” and “Eternity” were the headings of two successive metaphysical chapters.

ON the evening of Thanksgiving Day, the members of the Junior Dramatic Society gave a private entertainment in the College Hall, to those connected with the College.

In the drama of “The Deaf Mute,” we have to notice with praise, Master V. McClatchy as “The Abbe de l’Épée.” Master J. D. Harvey as “The Deaf Mute,” gave an excellent impersonation of the character. Although he had nothing to say, still his gestures and actions were full of life and feeling.

“St. Almé,” by W. B. Schofield, was another well rendered character. Indeed, the two last named young gentlemen manifested such talent as to foreshadow great success for them in the future. W. S. Davis, as the young lawyer (“Frauval, jr.”) spoke clearly and with good elocution, and deserves credit. So also do Masters Furman, Smith, Donahue, Hopkins and McKinnon.

In the afterpiece of “No. 1 Round the Corner,” the character of “Flipper” was well personated by Master A. J. McCone. This young gentleman shows much talent for comedy. Master V. S. McClatchy, as “Nobler” gave us another cleverly sustained character. His good voice and distinct elocution, and, above all, his natural, easy manner of action, both in this piece and in the drama, speak volumes in his favor. The minor characters were well sustained by Masters J. Hopkins, J. S. McKinnon, W. S. Furman, and J. F. Smith.

Between the two pieces we had a musical treat, in the shape of a song, by Masters A. Muller and J. Holden, who were accompanied on the piano-forte by Professor E. C. E. Vile. Between the acts, the Brass Band played in its usual good style. In short, the whole performance reflected much credit upon the young gentlemen, and also upon their President, Mr. R. Kenna, S.J., to all of whom the thanks of the students are due for a pleasantly spent evening.

THE programme of the examination has been posted up, and the students have entered into the work of preparation. Long faces are beginning to relax into smiles as the thought of the Xmas holidays that are so near at hand. “May you enjoy them!” is the wish of Father Owl as he puts off his ordinary sober looks, and brightens up at the same thought.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

R. F. GRAY of '68, has recently, we learn, married a wealthy young heiress of Portland, Maine. The gentleman has, for some time past, been studying medicine in Paris, and if report be trustworthy, (as in this instance we have no doubt it is) has taken his degrees with all honors. Well do we remember him as he appeared when he was our class-mate here at Santa Clara—the Ajax of the yard in point of strength, the demigod of the little fellows; for he always took their part when the large boys were disposed to crow over them; in a word, the lion of the school. We congratulate you with all our hearts, old fellow; and only hope you remember us one half as well as we remember you.

WM. L. MARSHALL of '72, long to be remembered as the poet *par excellence* of his term, is at home in Los Angeles. If his muse still sings, let him allow her strains, we beg, to reëcho once more around these venerable walls, within which she first touched his flowing numbers with her magic wand.

J. CHAUNCEY HAYES of '71, is connected with a newspaper in San Diego. If he can only make his fame as an editor equal that which he gained at baseball, he will certainly succeed, to admiration.

TOM SUTHERLAND of '63, is in Philadelphia; but in what business he is engaged we are unable to say. We saw his portrait the other day, and thought he looked as natural as ever, if indeed we except his head-dress, which was a plug hat that might rival, in point of size, the helmet of Goliath. Well; we suppose it is the style in Philadelphia, Tom!

TABLE OF HONOR

Credits for the month of October as read on Wednesday, November 1st 1873.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

- 1st Class—C. Ebner 87, D. Furlong 70, G. McClatchy J. Machado 80, L. Palmer 90
A. Pierotich 70, J. F. Smith 90, R. Soto 90, B. Yorba 90.
- 2d Class—J. Aguirre 70, A. Bandini 100, J. Bernal 70, J. Callaghan 75, V. M. Clement
70, P. Colombet 72, M. Donahue 73, J. Enright 70, C. Georget 80, T. Hanly 75
G. Hopkins 70, J. Hudner 70, H. M. Hughes 70, J. J. Kelly 70, F. La Coste 70, J.
McKinnon 80, G. Norris 75, J. Sanroman 72, F. Scully 72, G. W. Seifert 71 R. S.
Sheridan 100, W. Smith 75, J. E. Smith 70, R. Spence 75, G. Taylor 70, L. Wol-
ter 80, J. T. Walsh 100, X. Yorba 70.
- 3d Class—C. Arguello 95, E. Auzeais 100, G. Barron 70 R. De la Vega 100, J. De la
Cruz 100, F. Dowell 99, F. Ebner 85, W. Harrison 80, J. Hopkins 70, C. Miles 80.
C. Moore 85, A. Müller 75, J. Norris 85, E O'Connor 70, A Pacheco 75, E Pierson
80, W. Randall 80, W. Schofield 95.

SPANISH CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

- F. Chavez 75, J. Wolter 75, A. Den, 70, R. Remas, 70, A. Loweree 70.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

- A. Veuve 75, W. Veuve 80.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

- A. Bell 80, N. F. Brisac 73, V McClatchy 70, J. Walsh 78, T. Tully 70.

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

- T. Tully 89, V. McClatchy 83, W. Hereford 80, D. Furlong 75, J. Walsh 75.

MATHEMATICS

- 1st Class—V. McClatchy 80, C. Ebner 75.
- 2d Class—Alex. Bell 80, N. F. Brisac 100, J. Barling 90, J. Dunne 75, W. Gray 100,
W. Hereford 100, W. Howard 100, T. Morrison*100, H. Peyton 100, T. Tully 85,
J. Walsh 100, L. Winston 100.
- 3d Class—D. Berta 98, J. Callaghan 75, V. Clement 100, T. Durbin 70, G. Gray 75,
J. Hermann 99, C. McClatchy 75, L. Partridge 80, G. Roundey 100, R. Soto 100,
B. Yorba 99.

GREEK.

- 2d Class—W. Gray 80, H. Peyton 80, W. Veuve 80.
- 3d Class—T. Morrison 70, J. T. Walsh 79, L. C. Winston 77.
- 4th Class—C. Ebner 78, V. McClatchy 73, R. Soto 84, B. Yorba 70.
- 5th Class—J. Callaghan 90, F. Ebner 70, J. Hermann 95, L. Partridge 73, C. Quilty
78, J. F Smith 90 T. Tully 70.

LATIN.

- 2d Class—W. Gray 80, T. Morrison 75, H. Peyton 80, L. Winston 80, W. Veuve 80.
- 3d Class—W. S. Hereford 70, R. Soto 97, J. T. Walsh 77.
- 4th Class—J. Hermann 82, B. Yorba 86.
- 5th Class—J. Aguirre 78, J. Bernal 85, J. Callaghan 95, F. Chavez 80, M. Donahue 85,
F. Ebner 80, J. Machado 75, C. McClatchy 85, A. McCone 70, L. Partridge 75,
C. Quilty 78, W. Schofield 90, J. F. Smith 90, C. Stonesifer 90, T. Tully 79.

RHETORIC.

- 1st Class—N. F. Brisac 95, Wm. Cardwell 72, T. Durbin 70, C. Ebner 72, D. Furlong
74, C. McClatchy 70, T. Morrison 81, L. Winston 83.
- 2d Class—W. Gray 85, R. Soto 74, J. Walsh 78.

GRAMMAR.

- 1st Class—J. Aguirre 78, J. A. Barrenechea 70, R. Brenham 70, V. Clement 70, W. Davis 85, J. Enright 70, G. Gray 85, G. Norris 70, Jas Smith 95, W. Smith 72, O. Orena.
- 2d Class—F. Chavez 70, J. De la Cruz 79, M. Donahue 84, H. Dowell 87, F. Ebner 86, H. Freudenthal 77, T. Hanley 70, W. Harrison 70, C. Hoffman 70, R. Kifer 74, C. Miles 87, J. Moss 86, J. Norris 70, C. Quilty 89, J. Sanroman 70, W. Schofield 85, J. Scully 70, R. Sheridan 87, R. Spence 80, C. E. Stanton 95, G. Trenought 70, X. Yorba 72.
- 3d Class—E. Auzeais 95, G. Barron 70, D. Berta 80, H. Dinklage 85, J. Harvey 70, J. Hopkins 70, C. Moore 95, A. Muller 90, P. Murphy 70, E. Pierson 80, W. Randall 70, L. Vella 70, J. Wolter 70, Alf. Young 70, V. Versalovich 70, A. Ygual 70, J. Donahue 75.
- 4th Class—A. Becker 70, J. Boyter 78, J. Cima 71, D. Casey 90, H. Farmer 93, M. Hoffman 72, W. Lindenger 80, J. Murphy 70, F. Shafer 72, Ed Welti 76.

FRENCH.

- 1st Class—O. Orefia 70, G. Norris 70.
- 2d Class—A. Bandini 82, J. Bernal 90, F. Chavez 84, R. Soto 100.
- 3d Class—R. Brenham 77, F. Burling 72, J. Callaghan 85, W. Davis 100, R. De la Vega 79, Alf. Den 70, T. Dowell 100, W. Gray 100, G. B. Gray 95, J. Harvey 98

SPANISH.

- 1st Class—J. Hermann 80.
- 2d Class—C. McClatchy 70.
- 3d Class—C. Georget 80, A. Pacheco 75, L. Partridge 80, J. Hudner 75, C. E. Stanton 79, C. Stonesifer 100.

GERMAN.

- E. Auzeais 80, J. Barrenechea 70, C. Ebner 85, F. Ebner 80, V. McClatchy 90, L. Pruzzo 90, X. Yorba 90, L. Hihn 76.

ARITHMETIC.

- 1st Class—J. Aguirre 72, H. Bowie 79, J. Cavagnaro 70, P. Colombet 75, W. Davis 70, Alph. Den 70, J. Enright 100, R. Enright 85, J. Hudner 90, J. Kelly 70, D. Kidd 80, R. Kifer 75, P. Mallon 85, J. Moss 85, G. Norris 90, A. Pierotich 70, L. Pruzzo 78, W. Randall 74, J. Sanroman 76, F. Scully 76, Jas Smith 100, W. Smith 80, R. Spence 75, C. Stonesifer 90, L. Wolter 73, C. W. Quilty 100.
- 2d Class—E. Auzeais 95, F. Chavez 75, J. De la Cruz 70, M. Donahue 80, T. Dowell 70, H. Freudenthal 93, C. Hoffman 80, H. Hughes 75, A. G. Laweree 70, J. Perrier 70, W. Schofield 85, W. Sears 90, R. Sheridan 90, G. Taylor 85, F. Cleaves 90, G. Trenought 80.
- 3d Class—C. Arguello 70, G. Barron 72, R. Brenham 80, F. Burling 75, F. Ebner 90, P. Murphy 72, J. Olcese 75, E. Pierson 78, G. Seifert 75, V. Varsalovich 78.

BOOK-KEEPING.

- 1st Class—A. Bell 100, H. Bowie 95, J. Cavagnaro 90, P. Colombet 95, T. Durbin 96, C. Ebner 90, T. Morrison 100, A. McCone 100, A. Pierotich 88, G. Roundey 95, B. Yorba 90.
- 2d Class—J. Aguirre 85, E. Auzeais 95, J. Barrenechea 90, D. Berta 70, J. Bernal 90, V. Clement 98, W. Davis 92, R. Enright 92, W. Furman 80, D. Kidd 93, R. Kifer 90, C. McClatchy 91, Jas Smith 90, C. Welti 85, R. Wallace 92, L. Wolter 85, X. Yorba 85, J. Kelly 80.
- 3d Class—R. Arguello 70, J. De la Cruz 70, M. Donahue 75, T. Dowell 100, H. Freudenthal 100, C. H. Hoffman 73, H. Hughes 76, C. Hudner 79, F. Lacoste 70, G. Markham 73, J. Moss 100, G. Norris 79, J. Perrier 89, E. Pierson 80, W. Randall 93, W. Sears 70, C. R. Sheridan 100, E. Stanton 78, J. Day 72, C. Quilty 100, W. Harrison 90.

READING AND SPELLING.

- 1st Class—J. Auzerais 70, V. Clement 78, W. Davis 95, T. Dowell 88, H. Freudenthal 74, J. Hadner 87, W. Harrison 70, J. Moss 78, A. Muller 89, P. Murphy 86, A. Pierotich 90, J. Sanroman 89, C. Stanton 90, L. Wolter 70, H. Hughes 86, F. Cleaves 70, J. Day 100, C. Welti 80.
- 2d Class—E. Auzerais 70, G. Barron 70, A. Becker 70, J. De la Cruz, 70, R. De la Vega 90, Aug. 70, H. Dinklage 80, A. Garesche, 70, J. Harvey 80, C. J. Hoffman 80, J. Hopkins 85, W. Hopkins 73, F. Lacoste 70, G. Markham 82, J. McKinnon 100, C. Moore 75, J. R. Murphy 70, J. Olcese 70, E. Pierson 82, J. Pulsifer 70, L. Pruzzo 80, W. Sears 0, R. Sheridan 98, J. Wolter 85, J. Boyter 70, J. Bonnet 80, J. Donahue 80, H. Farmer 87, T. Leahy 75, R. Parades 70, D. Quilty 70, G. Shafer 80.
- 3d Class—J. Cavagnaro 70, W. Gilbert 99, M. S. Hoffman 100, E. Holden 73, D. Jones 80, E. Lamolte 70, W. Randall 80, R. Remus 90, L. Souc 89, H. Thomson 80, V. Versalovich 90, A. Ygnal 80, J. Lyon 70, C. Enright 79, C. Gutierrez 99, R. Hayes 79, F. Shafer 100, E. Welti 70.

ELOCUTION

- 1st Class—S. Fellom 90, D. Furlong 100, T. Morrison 75, L. C. Winston 70.
- 2d Class—J. Callaghan 70, L. Palmer 70.
- 3d Class—J. Aguirre 70, J. Barrenechea 80, R. Brenham 70, W. Davis 85, R. Enright 72, W. Furman 75, D. Kidd 70, P. Mallon 78, A. McCone 90, J. McKinnon 80, A. Pierotich 76, J. F. Smith 85, O. Orena 74, J. Day 95, P. Colombet 73, H. Hughes 80.
- 4th Class—J. Chavez 70, G. De la Guerra 80, M. Donahue 82, T. Dowell 71, J. Moss 70, C. Quilty 80, W. Schofield 85, C. Welti 80.
- 5th Class—G. Barron 76, L. Hihn 70, F. Hauck 70, G. Markham 70, A. Muller 70, J. Olcese 85, A. Pacheco 70.

PENMANSHIP.

- 1st Class—J. R. Arguello 77, J. Bernal 75, W. Cardwell 70, A. L. Den 70, J. A. Day 72, A. Foley 73, T. Hanley 70, J. Machado 75, V. McClatchy 77, J. Norris 75, R. Remus 78, J. Sanroman 70, R. De la Vega 78.
- 2d Class—E. Auzerais 73, C. Arguello 74, R. Brenham 75, D. Berta 76, L. Camarillo 75, F. Chavez 73, J. Chretien 74, V. Clement 75, D. Casey 75, F. Cleaves 70, H. Christin 72, T. Dowell 73, W. B. Furman 73, J. Hermann 77, J. Harvey 72, C. Hoffman 73, P. Hill 70, R. Kifer 76, A. Loweree 70, G. Markham 74, J. Olcese 71, J. Pulsifer 70, C. Stonesifer 76, W. Schofield 73, T. Tully 72, G. Trenought 72, J. Wolter 70, C. Welti 72, M. Yisaliturri 71, H. Yorba 70.
- 3d Class—A. Bowie 70, G. Barron 70, F. Burling 70, A. C. Becker 70, J. De la Cruz 70, J. Cavagnaro 72, P. Cannon 70, J. Donahue 71, C. Ebner 70, F. Farmer 74, A. Garesche 70, H. Hughes 70, D. Jones 75, T. Leahy 70, P. Murphy 70, C. Miles 71, G. Murphy 74, L. Pruzzo 75, E. Pierson 70, A. Pacheco 73, W. Proctor 75, W. Sears 71, F. Scully 70, R. Sheridan 72, A. Spence 75, G. Shafer 75, F. Shafer 78, V. Versalovich 75, L. Vella 70, E. Welti 72.

DRAWING.

- A. Arriola 90, J. Auzerais 75, A. Bowie 75, H. Bowie 80, R. Brenham 70, B. Brisac 75, V. Clement 80, C. McClatchy 70, L. Partridge 70, A. Pierotich 90, R. Remus 90, J. Sanroman 90, G. Seifert 70.

PIANO.

- H. Bowie 80, C. Ebner 80, L. Hihn 78, W. Randall 75, V. Vidaurreta 75, W. Gray 75, J. Sheridan 75, T. Hanley 70, W. Gilbert 70, G. Barron 70, A. Loweree 70, F. Gamber 70, L. Colombet 70.

VIOLIN.

- W. Davis 80, R. Enright 85, G. Gray 85, W. Sears 80, J. Cima 70, M. Donahue 70, A. Spence 85, L. Palmer 70, J. Pulsifer 70, T. Morrison 85, J. Burling 90, P. Mallon 85,

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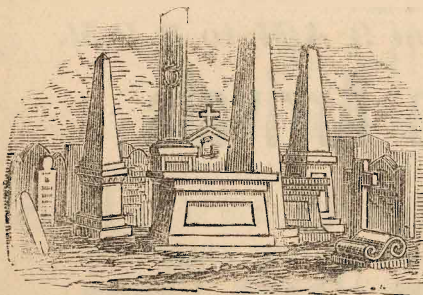
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